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CANOVA.*

TRANSLATED FROM THE ITALIAN, BY M. MORGAN, M. D. SURGEON U. S. NAVY.

Another day the conversation turned on a delicate subject. It was that of the Pope and his government. I could not restrain myself from speaking freely; and I am astonished that Napoleon heard me patiently. But it always appeared to me, that he was far from being tyrannical; and had only been sometimes deceived by those who tried to hide from him the truth. The subject was of my benefactor, Pope Pius VII.

I said, "Why does not your Majesty become reconciled in some way to the Pope?"

"Because," he replied, "the priests wish to rule in every thing. They must meddle with every thing, and wish to become masters in every thing, as Gregory VII was."

"I think there is no danger of that," I replied, "as your Majesty is master of every thing."

"The Popes," he replied, "have prostrated the Italian nations, and rule Rome like the Calonnessi and the Orsini."

"Certainly," I said, "if they had the courage and abilities of your Majesty, they might make themselves masters of Italy."

"They want this," said he, putting his hand on his sword, "this is what they want."

"It is true," I said, "we have seen it in Alexander VI—the Duke Valentine—Julius II, and Leo X: but they are mostly elected when very old; and if one has spirit to undertake, his successor is inactive."

"They want the sword," he replied.

"Not only that," said I, "but the staff of authority of the Augurs. Machiavelli himself was undecided which had contributed most to the aggrandizement of Rome—the arms of Romulus or the religion of Numa—so true it is that these two must be united. If the Popes, however, have not signalized themselves in arms, they have performed other illustrious actions, which must excite the admiration of all."

"These Romans were a great people," he exclaimed. "Certainly they were a great people—even to the end of the second Punic war. Caesar—Caesar was a great man—not only Caesar, but many of the other Emperors, as Titus, Trajan, Marcus Aurelius—always—always the Romans were great, even to the time of Constantine. The Popes did wrong," he said, "in keeping up discord in Italy—in being the first to call in the French and Germans. They were not capable of being soldiers themselves, and had lost enough."

"Since it is so," I said, "I hope your Majesty will not suffer our misfortunes to increase. And your Majesty will permit me to say, that if your Majesty does not assist Rome, it will become what it was in the times when the Popes were transferred to Avignon.—Notwithstanding the immense number of fountains and abundance of water at that period, the carriers broke them up and sold the water of the Tiber in the streets, and the city became almost a desert."

He seemed agitated at this, and said with great emphasis—"They oppose me; and why? I am master of France, of Italy, and of three-fourths of Germany. I am the successor of Charlemagne. If the Popes were as they then were, all would be compromised. You Venetians too broke off from the Popes."

"Not as your Majesty," I replied. "Your Majesty is already so great, you can afford a place to the Pope where he can feel himself independent, and where he can freely exercise his ministry."

"Why I do let him do every thing as long as he confines himself to religious concerns. The Imperial Minister never interferes with him, except when he publishes something which does not please the French government; and then he is quickly punished. Have I not given the Bishops all the power they could wish? There is no religion here perhaps? Who has raised the altars? Who has protected the clergy?"

"If your Majesty," I replied, "have religious subjects, they will be more affectionate and obedient subjects."

"I wish it," he rejoined, "but the Pope is all German"—and in saying this he looked at the Empress.

"And I assure you," said she, "that when I was in Germany, they there said that the Pope was altogether French."

"He would not," said the Emperor, "drive away the Russians and English from his state; and for this we broke him up."

I here wished to remind him of the published defence of the Pope; but Marshal Duroc entered; Napoleon, however, still went on.

"And he has pretended to excommunicate me!—Does he know that in the end we may become as the English and the Russians?"

"I humbly beg pardon of your Majesty, but my zeal has inspired me with confidence to speak freely; and allow me to say, it does not comport with your Majesty's interest, in my opinion, to have the present state of things. God grant you many years: but in after times, if a strong party should take the side of the Pope, it might occasion great troubles in France. In short, your Majesty will soon be a father. A permanent state of things is desirable. For merey's sake, Sire, accommodate matters in some way."

"You wish matters settled, then," said Napoleon; "and I wish it too; but you see what the Romans were without Popes."

"But think, Sire, what religious devotion they had when they were great. That Caesar, so famed, ascended the stairs of the Capitol on his knees to the temple of Jupiter. They never gave battle without auspicious religious omens, or they were so cautious about it, that if it were neglected, the general was punished. See what was done in the case of Marcellus for sacred shings, when the Consul was condemned for carrying away only a tile from the temple of Jove in Magna Græcia. For charity protect religion and its head—preserve the beautiful church of Italy and of Rome—it is more delightful to adore than to fear."

"We desire that," said he, and the conversation ended.

At another time he spoke of Venice, of its artists and monuments, and asked me about the architects. I named to him the principal ones, with proper commendation. Soli, who directed the new works there, but who had been prevented from finishing his beautiful edifices as he planned them. I mentioned Palladeo, and spoke of his pictures with which he had illustrated the Commentaries of Caesar, and of his beautiful works which abound in the Venetian state; and while I was speaking of Venice, and asking for her his protection, my emotions overpowered me, and I burst into tears. "I declare to your Majesty the Venetians are a good people. They are truly a good people; but they are very unfortunate: commerce is interrupted, the taxes are high, and in some districts they are even in want of the necessaries of life. From Passeriana they sent an eloquent petition to your Majesty, but I know not whether it ever reached your Majesty."

"No," he replied:

"I have it here, if your Majesty would see it." I took it out of my portfolio, and presented it to him. It was as follows:

"To His Majesty the Emperor of France and King of Italy.

SIRE,

"The inhabitants of the Department of Passiraena, with all Italy, are subjects of your Majesty, and worthy of the good fortune of being so. Of three hundred and seventy thousand inhabitants, more than two thirds are destitute and unemployed. The revulsion of the times has entirely destroyed the productiveness of property. Sire, his Royal Highness the Viceroy, moved at such misfortunes, has promised some relief. His word is sacred, but if aid be much longer deferred, it will be useless. The undersigned, the most respectable people of the Department, offer their lives and the little they have left in proof of what they have asserted. Who dare and who would deceive your Majesty? Before changing from proprietors to labourers, they divided with their children their bread bathed in tears; and now raise their voices to your throne. Sire, they are perishing—they make you acquainted with it, and will receive your benediction."

Napoleon looked at it, and said, "It is short." He then stopped eating, read it, and added—"I will speak of it to Aldini"—and placing it near him, took it away after he had done eating.

While speaking of Venice, I adverted to the form and spirit of the Government; and observed, that after the publication of the works of Machiavelli, it did not appear possible for Venice to fall. That great diplomatist, when Minister from Florence to the Emperor of Germany, wrote to his friend Vettor Vettori, and said, "It appears to me that the Venetians understood things well when they painted St. Mark with the sword as well as the book, because the book is not enough." And I observed that the Venetians were afraid of a Caesar rising up among them, they were jealous and cautious of a General on land.

"Certainly," replied the Emperor, "the prolongation of command is a very dangerous thing. I told the Directory myself that if they were continually at war, the power would fall into the hands of one person."

On another occasion, conversing of Florence, he asked me "where was the monument of Alfieri placed?"

"In Santa Croce," I replied, "where those of Michael Angelo and Machiavelli also were erected."

"Who paid for it?" he asked.

"The Countess of Albany," I answered.

"Who paid for that of Machiavelli?"

"I believe a society."

"And that of Galileo?"

"His relatives, if I am not mistaken."

"The church," I said, "of Santa Croce is in a bad condition: the rain comes through the roof, and it wants repairs; and for the glory of your Majesty, preserve the fine monuments and buildings. The Dome, too, at Florence, begins to decay for want of attention. The church is full of beautiful works of art; and I am charged with a petition to your Majesty, not to suffer these precious things to be sold to the Jews."

"How sold? They shall be brought here," said he.

"They cannot be removed," I replied; they are works in fresco. It would be well for the President of the Academy to make some provision for their preservation."

"I wish it," he said.

"This," said I, "will add to your Majesty's glory; the more so, as your family is originally from Florence."

At this, Maria Louisa looked round, and said, "Are you not then a Corsican?"

"Yes," said he, "but of Florentine origin."

I then added that the President of the Academy was Senator Alexander, of one of the most illustrious families in Florence, which was connected by marriage with a branch of his Majesty's. "You are an Italian, and we Italians boast of it."

"I certainly am," he replied.

I then recommended to his attention the Academy of Florence.

On another occasion I spoke earnestly to him of the Academy of St. Luke, at Rome: of its destitute state—without a school—without conveniences and revenues; and urged that it ought to be placed on the same footing as that of Milan; and said to him, "If your Majesty would have two singers less at the opera, and gave their salaries to St. Luke, it would do more good;" and I said this because I knew that the Cres-contini were then paid thirty-six thousand francs a-year. To this I found him well disposed.

I then wrote to Menneval, his private secretary, that the Emperor was beneficently inclined to aid the arts of Rome; that he had promised a decree to that effect; and that I should therefore like soon to return to Rome. On the 8th November, I received through the Minister Marescalchi, a letter from Menneval, containing the generous disposition of his Majesty for the Roman Academy.

Speaking of the Academy and Roman artists, Napoleon said, "The Italian painters are bad—we have better in France."

I replied that it was many years seen I had seen the works of the French painters, and could not compare them with ours, but that we still had great artists in this branch in Italy—Camuccini, at Rome; Landiat, at Florence; Benevenuti, at Milan; Appiani, and Bossi, all great artists.

He said that the French were a little deficient yet in colouring; but that in design they were superior to the Italians.

I replied, ours were skilful too in design. Not to mention Camuccini, so famed, Bossi had made some divine cartoons; and that Apiani had painted the saloon of his Majesty's palace in Milan so well that it seemed impossible to improve it.

"Yes, in fresco they do well," said he, "but not in oil."

I still defended our artists, and reminded him of the great encouragement they received in France. He asked me about the saloons and works then in progress in France. I spoke in proper terms of the able French artists, and their sublime monuments.

"Have you seen," said he, "the Columy in Bronze? It appears to me grand. I don't like the eagles at the corners; but that of Trajan, of which it is an imitation, also had them. Will that arch be handsome which they are constructing at the Bois de Boulogne?"

"Beautiful indeed," I replied. "Such works are truly worthy of your Majesty or of the ancient Romans, and especially in style, which is magnificent."

"In the coming year," said he, "the road of Carnice will be completed, by which they will be able to go from Paris to Genoa, without being interrupted by the snow; and I intend to make another from Parma to the Gulf of Spezia."

"These vast projects," I replied, "are worthy of the great mind of your Majesty, together with the preservation of the renowned works of antiquity."

On the evening of the 4th of November, 1810, I presented myself to the Empress with the model of her bust. She showed it to the ladies who were with her, and all approved the likeness. Napoleon was not present, and the Empress said, to-morrow at breakfast, she would show it to him. She then said to me, "And do you not wish to remain here?"

"I wish," said I, "to go immediately to Rome, and there receive the model, and make the statue."

Here the Empress asked me many questions about the manner of modelling and working in marble, and spoke of my statue of the Princess Leopoldina Lectestein: "That," said she, "is indeed an ideal beauty."

The next morning the bust was placed in the cabinet of the breakfast room, and their Majesties entered a short time after. When they were seated, I was called, and was going to uncover it, but Napoleon said, "I can't now; I must eat. I am weary—fatigued. I have been writing until this moment."

"You are right," said I, "and I do not know how your Majesty can attend to so many important affairs."

"I have," said he, "seventy millions of subjects—from eight to nine hundred thousand soldiers—a hundred thousand horses—such a power was unknown to the Romans. I have had forty battles; and at that of Wagram we discharged a hundred thousand cannon shot—and this lady," looking at the Empress, "who was at that time Arch-Duchess of Austria, then wished me dead."

"That is true," said the Empress.

I added, "Now we thank Heaven that things have turned out as they have."

Nothing more was done, and the bust remained covered.

After a few days, the Emperor had a time to see it; and made the Empress sit the same way she did when it was taken, and made her laugh, and was well satisfied with it.

I told him the cheerful expression of the physiognomy was a little like that of Concordia, under the likeness of which I wished to represent the Empress, as it was through her that peace was restored.

The Empress at this time had taken a little cold; and I took the liberty of telling her that it appeared to me she was not careful enough. That to go hunting in an open carriage was hazardous, especially in her delicate situation, she was then *excited*.

"You see her," said Napoleon, "every lady wonders at it; but the ladies," said he, striking his finger against his forehead—"the ladies wish to have every thing their own way. Would you believe it? She wanted to go with me all the way to Cherbourg, far as it is."

I said she ought to be careful.

"And are you married?" said Napoleon.

"No, Sire. I should have married, but combination of circumstances left me at liberty; and the fear of not finding a woman who would love me as I would have loved her, prevented me from changing my state. Besides, in being free, I was better able to devote myself to my art."

"Ah! woman, woman!" said Napoleon, laughing, and continuing to eat.

As I had frequently mentioned the subject of my return to Rome, after modelling the bust of the Empress, I again alluded to it, declaring at the same time I would rather renounce every thing than displease the Emperor; and asking his permission to return, he said, "Go when you please."

GAZA.

FROM TRAVELS, BY C. G. ADDISON, ESQ. OF THE INNER TEMPLE.

"Placed where Judea's utmost bounds extend,
Towards fair Palesium, Gaza's towers ascend,
East by the breezy shore the city stands
Amid unbounded plains of barren sands,
Which high in air the furious whirlwinds sweep,
Like mountain billows of the stormy deep,
That scarce the allighted traveller, spent with toil,
Escapes the tempest of the unstable soil."

At one o'clock, P. M. we left the ruins of Ashkelon, and mounting our horses, we rode across a small valley, forded by a scanty rivulet, and ascended an eminence, on the summit of which were the ruins of an ancient temple. Several granite columns lay prostrate on the crest of the hill, intermixed with loose stones and masses of masonry. From this eminence a fine view is afforded of the position and site of ancient Ashkelon, and of the whole extent of the wall and fortifications which once surrounded the city.

We rode on through a wild and uninhabited country; the surface of the ground was undulating, and the view restricted by low hills. The plains and eminences were sometimes covered with coarse grass, and sometimes bare sandy districts, destitute of vegetation, extended around us. In three hours after leaving Ashkelon we came to a great deal of sand, and traversed the base of a long sandy ridge, which extended for a great distance along the uncultivated country. After passing this, and turning round the corner of an eminence, we came suddenly upon a most unusual and delightful scene.

A vast wood of fine and venerable olive trees extended in front; they were planted in long rows, and had quite a magnificent and parklike appearance, altogether different from any thing we had hitherto met with. The scene presented a wonderful contrast to the naked treeless country we had so long traversed. The olives were planted wide apart, so that they had ample space to spread their branches; they were of large size, and the old gnarled and knotted trunks, with the greensward and moss extending in every direction between them, presented a scene of sylvan beauty altogether novel and peculiarly striking. The bright sun peeping through

the foliage, the flickering lights and shadows, and some tall dromedaries with picturesque looking Arabs on their backs, appearing and disappearing in the distant wooded glades, added vastly to the picturesque character of the landscape.

In a short time we observed some tall, slender minarets, and a swelling cupola, rising above the tops of the distant trees; they had a grand appearance, and our muleteer, pointing to them with exultation, shouted, "Gaza! Gaza!" We were at this distance agreeably surprised with the appearance of the place.—The tall towers, and the extent of the spreading foliage, seemed to promise a city of more than usual importance.

As we journeyed onwards through the olive grove we observed a number of storks, some quietly seated in the middle of the path, and others wheeling about over our heads. These birds are held sacred by the Moslems, they hover around the dwellings, pick up the offal, and are always left unmolested.—Enormous hedges of the Indian fig shortly surrounded us, and after crossing a sandy eminence, covered with ruined houses, we came in front of the gate of the town.

The imposing appearance which the place wore at a distance now entirely vanished; a mean wall and a few low, flat-roofed houses, were alone seen, overtopped by some thinly scattered palm trees. The lintel of the gateway through which we passed was formed of two ancient columns; they were laid across from wall to wall, and supported a mass of masonry above them.

We rode through some narrow streets, bordered by roughly built gloomy looking stone houses, generally without windows, and presenting only a dead wall to the street. Before the door of one of the houses were four capitals of columns of the Corinthian order of architecture, placed in a row, apparently ranged for seats, and in several places I remarked bits of cornices and sculptured architraves of white marble, built into the modern walls—melancholy memorials of the ancient magnificence of the place. Some long strings of tall, storking dromedaries, with large packages on their backs, perambulated the streets, and we experienced no little difficulty in getting out of their way, as they occupied nearly the whole of the narrow thoroughfares.

After passing through mud and water, and among offal thrown from the doorways, we arrived at the khan, a large and spacious edifice built of stone. The court was filled with dromedaries and wild-looking people, men and women who had just traversed the desert from Suez. The dromedaries were grunting, the men shouting and screaming, and a strange scene of noise and confusion prevailed. A tall figure, in a green robe and white turban, with a long white stick in his hand, who appeared to be a person in authority, was giving his orders with great energy, and threatening to break the heads of all the Arabs beside him.

Around the upper story of the khan extended a long gallery, open to the court yard below, the roof being supported on arches, through which the busy scenes attendant on the arrival and departure of caravans could be leisurely surveyed. On the floor of this gallery two or three groups of Turks and Arabs were kindling fires and cooking their dinners, and the smoke rolled along the vaulted roof in thin wreaths, and escaped through the open arches above.

Taking a guide I immediately left the khan to pay a visit to his highness the Nazeer, or governor of the town and adjacent district. After passing through some narrow streets, we came to a large open space, and approached a house, along the front of which extended a raised platform covered with matting. In the centre of it, seated on a carpet, with a cushion behind his back, reposed his highness, and on either side of him sat a row of well dressed Moslems, all vigorously smoking their pipes.

There was a considerable number of people collected around the little platform, and the Nazeer seemed to be diligently occupied in the administration of justice.

Immediately in front of the crowd facing him stood three officers of police, with long white wands in their hands; and an Arab in a scarlet cloak and white turban, seated by his side, with a roll of paper in his lap, was actively questioning some of the bystanders.

After the customary polite salutations, and a courteously expressed wish on his part that I might be "happy all the days of my life," I took a seat at the corner of the platform, and handed his highness a letter from the governor of Damascus, which was placed in the hands of his secretary and read aloud, for the edification of himself and the bystanders. The seal and the signature were then scrutinised, as if to satisfy themselves that it was an authentic document, after which the Nazeer requested me to state in what way he could serve me.

I informed him of my intention of crossing the desert into Egypt, and he promised to secure me some of the fleet riding dromedaries here called hijjias, or "pilgrims," which perform the journey in a rapid space of time. He said that it would probably take two or three days to procure the number I required, as there were none in Gaza just then, and they would have to send a considerable distance into the neighbouring plains to procure them. A tall old man in a gray beard, who seemed to fill a confidential post about the person of the Nazeer, gave some directions upon the subject, and informed me that I should hear concerning them in the morning.

The Nazeer was a fine, robust, fat young man; he was gaily attired in a striped silk sash, bright green beneesh or cloak, and a blue cloth vest richly embroidered. In his hand he held a long

Egyptian pipe, covered with crimson silk and embroidered with gold.

After a short conversation I withdrew, as it was getting late; and accompanied by my guide, I proceeded to the summit of an eminence in the midst of the town, on which stand the ruins of an old castle. From this height a strange and interesting prospect is presented to the eye. The scenery partakes more of that wild cast and savagely romantic character which I had expected to meet with in Arabia—a striking combination of dreary desert and riant vegetation—of desolate districts covered with the pale hue of barren sands, contrasted with others carpeted with green, and shaded by a luxuriant foliage.

About a quarter of a league distant, over the bare naked summits of some arid sand-hills, was seen the calm expanse of blue sea, blending with the sky. A naked sandy valley, destitute of vegetation, wound among the hills, and extended itself towards the sea-shore; while, in the opposite quarter, the vast olive grove, stretching away for several miles, and spreading out a rich canopy of luxuriant foliage, presented a striking and most delicious contrast to the eye of the beholder. Some tall palms threw themselves up wildly and picturesquely among the scattered houses and around the lofty minarets; and the few gardens in the vicinity of the town presented a delightful aspect of refreshing green.

The ruins upon this eminence are evidently the remains of some very extensive ancient building. There are vast substructions of masonry, and huge arches buried under accumulations of stone and rubbish.

Immediately after breakfast we proceeded direct to the serai of the Nazeer, and found him seated in the same state as before. He was surrounded with several of his friends, and the principal people of the place, who were all seated cross-legged on carpets spread over the small earthen terrace or platform which extended in front of the house.

We were politely received and accommodated with a seat, and we listened to a complaint made by a camel-driver against an inhabitant of Gaza, who he alleged had stolen some barley from him. An individual with a gray beard, who, I was informed, was at the head of the khan, and had the general superintendance of, and superveillance over, the affairs of all strangers who arrived, busied himself to a great extent in examining witnesses.

He seemed a most energetic, active old man. He allowed nobody to talk but himself, and enunciated with great loudness, flourishing a long stick tipped with silver, as if to enforce his arguments. There seemed to be a great pressure of business, and a large group of people were collected around us.

There was an old man who shouted "O Nazeer—Justice! justice!" in a most pitiable tone: he was complaining of the seizure of a cow by the tax-gatherers, which was worth much more than the money for which he was in default, and he was earnestly claiming the restitution of the beast. There was another individual in a still more miserable pickle, for he was in the hands of the officers of justice, under sentence of the bastinado, and was being led away to the market place, there to undergo his punishment.

The Nazeer all the time sat perfectly quiet and composed, scarcely ever speaking a word, but listening attentively to what was going on, until a black slave made his appearance, when he arose, walked through a small door into the house behind, and motioned us to follow him. We entered a room floored with thick warm matting, and there found a round tray, garnished with various eatables, which the Nazeer, seating himself and tucking a napkin under his chin, immediately attacked. We were all requested to follow his example; but as the invitation is mere matter of form, and there was not enough of food for a fifth part of the company present, we of course declined. After a conversation concerning the hajjias, and an assurance that every exertion would be made to procure them, we accompanied the Nazeer to his station on the platform, which he resumed immediately after the repast was finished, and, leaving him to the exercise of his judicial functions, we withdrew.

MARY STUART.

But malice, envy, cruelty and spleen,
To death doom'd Scotia's dear, devoted Queen.

The interest excited by the production of the new tragedy of 'Mary, Queen of Scots,' has induced me to advert to the subject, which, although by no means new, may prove interesting to some of your numerous readers. I intend, therefore, to give a brief sketch of the principal incidents in the chequered life of the most unfortunate princess of the most unfortunate family that ever swayed a sceptre.

"Truth is strange, stranger than fiction," and the saying is fully verified in the eventful career of Mary of Scotland. Her whole life is a romance. What a theme has it afforded for minstrels, poets, and romance-writers, and in what a variety of ways has it been treated; each period, from her departure from her beloved France to her execution at Fotheringay, having afforded abundant matter for serious opera, melodrama, romance, and tragedy.

It is not my intention in the present hasty sketch to be a partizan of a Buchanan, Robertson, Hume, Tytler, or others who have treated on the subject, leaving the views of sober-minded historians to be discussed as your readers may think most proper.

The daughter of James V. and Mary of Guise was born a few days before the death of her father, and at the age of six years was conveyed to France, whither she was sent for her education, by the same fleet that had brought over the French auxiliaries under Monsieur Desse. This exercised a powerful influence over her future destiny, and was the cause of all her misfortunes. Educated in France, and brought up at the most polished Court in Europe, she insensibly acquired those manners which disqualified her from reigning over her ancient subjects, the Scots, among whom the government of a Queen was unknown, and of too feeble a character to rule over a rude and semi-barbarous people, torn by intestine commotions, and struggling for the maintenance of the reformed religion. She was married April 24, 1551, at a very early age, to Francis, the Dauphin of France, afterwards Francis II., a prince of a feeble constitution and a weak understanding, who dying, left her a widow at the age of nineteen. After a short time, Mary, with a sad heart, took leave of that kingdom, the brief but only scene of her life in which fortune had smiled upon her. As long as her eyes could distinguish the coast, she continued to feed her melancholy with the prospect, and to utter, "Farewell, France; farewell, beloved country, which I shall never more behold!"

"To Scotia's Queen, as slowly dawned the day,
Rose on her couch, and gazed her soul away.
Her eyes had blessed the beacon's glimmering bright,
That faintly tipt the feathery surge with light;
But now the morn with orient hues portrayed
Each castled cliff and brown monastic shade;
All touched the talisman's resistless spring,
And, lo! what busy tribes were instant on the wing!"

After an absence of nearly thirteen years, she landed safely in her native kingdom. At this period commenced her trials and misfortunes, all following each other in quick succession; and whatever might have been her faults, bitter and grievous was the expiation.

We are informed by Dufresnoy, who came over to Scotland in her suite, that she lodged on the night of her arrival in the "Abbaye of Holyrood," which, says he, "is really a fine building." He proceeds—"We landed at Leith, and went from thence to Edinburgh, which is but a short league distant. The Queen went there on horseback, and the lords and ladies, who accompanied her upon the little wretched hackneys of the country, as wretchedly caparisoned, at sight of which the Queen began to weep, and to compare them with the pomp and superb palfreys of France; but there was no remedy but patience. What was worst of all, being carried to Edinburgh, and restored to rest in the Abbaye, there came under her window, in the court, a crew of five hundred or six hundred scoundrels from the city, who gave her a serenade with wretched violins, and little rebecks, of which there are enough in that country, and began to sing psalms, &c. so miserably mistimed and mistuned, that nothing could be worse. Alas! what music, and what a night's rest!" On this celebrated serenade, that true son of genius, the Ettrick Shepherd, founded his beautiful legend, 'The Queen's Wake,' from which I beg leave to quote the following lines—

"Queen Mary lighted in the court,
Queen Mary joined the evening sport;
Yet though at table all were seen
To wonder at her air and mien,
Though courtiers fawned and ladies sung,
Still on her ears the accents rung,
'Watch thy young bosom and maiden eye,
For the shower must fall, and the flower must die!
And much she wished to prove ere long
The wondrous powers of Scottish song."

Passing over her ill-assorted marriage with the imbecile Darnley, which was celebrated with all due pomp and festivity, I come to that dreadful tragedy—that frightful episode in Scottish history, the murder of David Rizzio, which Mr. Hames has selected as the subject of his new historical tragedy. What heart is there that does not throb at the mention of the name of this celebrated Italian musician, coupled with that of Mary Queen of Scots? The names are inseparable. Whatever may have been Mary's culpability in this unhappy partiality and undue preference of Rizzio, it is now almost universally admitted that there was no criminality existed, although appearances seemed to favour such a supposition; certain it is that he was admitted into her confidence, and grew not only to be considered as a favourite, but as a minister. Hence the jealousy with which Darnley was inspired. Some writers celebrate Rizzio as servile, haughty, arrogant, and insolent; others, that he was shrewd and sensible, with an education above his rank. But he was a foreigner, and his destruction was therefore resolved on by Darnley, Morton, Ruthven, Lindsay, and Maitland, in a manner nowise suitable to justice, to humanity, or to their own dignity. Accordingly, a plan was concerted between the above-mentioned nobles, and the place chosen was the Queen's bedchamber; and on the 9th of March, 1566, Morton entered the court of the palace with 160 men, and seized the gates without resistance.

The Queen was at supper with the Countess of Argyle, Rizzio, and a few domestics, in a closet off the bedchamber, about twelve feet square, the present north-west tower of Holyrood palace, when Darnley suddenly entered her apartment by a private passage. Behind him was Ruthven, clad in complete armour, with three or four of his most trusty accomplices. Such an unusual appearance alarmed those who were present, and Rizzio, apprehending that he was the intended victim, instantly retired behind the Queen. Numbers of armed men now rushed into the chamber. Mary in vain employed tears, threats, and entreaties, to save her favourite, but it

was all in vain; he was torn from her by violence, dragged out of the closet, through the bedchamber into the chamber of presence, and dispatched with fifty-six wounds.

"In clattering hauberk clad, through night's still gloom,
Stern Ruthven fiercely stalks with haggard mien;
With thundering tones proclaims the victim's doom,
And tears her minion from a doating Queen:
Through the arch'd courts and storied chambers high,
Loud shrieks of terror ring, and death's expiring cry!"

Towards the outer door of the apartment, on the floor of a passage which was formerly part of the room, there are large dusky spots, said to have been occasioned by Rizzio's blood staining the floor, which no washing of the boards has been able to efface. The armour of Henry Stuart, Lord Darnley, and of James VI is shown in the room from which Rizzio was dragged out to be murdered. The Queen's dressing room is also shown; the roof of the Queen's bed-room is divided into compartments, charged with the armorial device of some one of the blood royal of Scotland, and the walls are hung round with tapestry, and ornamented with subjects taken from 'Ovid's Metamorphoses.' To conclude this tragical event, I beg to observe that in the middle of the passage leading to the interior of the abbey is shown a flat square stone, under which the unfortunate Rizzio is said to have been buried, "in order that the Queen might regularly be indulged with the sight of the tomb of her lamented favourite, as she passed to and from her private devotions." This conveys a bitter sarcasm, and speaks volumes. It is, however, merely conjectural, as no historian has pointed out the precise spot where this Italian musician is entombed—at least, so far as I am aware of.

I for the present conclude with her second truly unfortunate marriage with one whose plausible manners and graceful person were his only accomplishments; so that Mary, whose levity of manners contributed no little to alienate his affections, soon became disgusted with this painted sepulchre. These circumstances, joined to her partiality for the Italian minstrel, were the forerunners of all her woes.

LINES ON THE LATE ROYAL NUTIALS.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Ocean and Land the globe divide,
Summer and Winter share the year,
Darkness and Light walk side by side,
And Earth and Heaven are always near.

Though each be good and fair alone,
And glorious, in its time and place,
In all, when fitly paired, are shown
More of their Maker's power and grace.

Then may the union of young hearts,
So early and so well begun,
Like sea and shore, in all their parts,
Appear as twain, but be as one.

Be it like Summer, may they find
Bliss, beauty, hope, where'er they roam!
Be it like Winter, when confined,
Peace, comfort, happiness, at home!—

Like Day and Night,—sweet interchange
Of care, enjoyment, action, rest;
Coldness nor Absence ne'er estrange
Hearts by unfulfilling Love possess'd.

Like Earth's horizon, be their scene
Of life, a rich and varied ground!
And, whether lowering or serene,
Heaven all above it and around!

When Land and Ocean, Day and Night,
When Time and Nature cease to be,
Be their inheritance in Light,
Their union one Eternity!

From the New York Gazette.

TO THE YOUNG MEN OF NEW YORK.

As one of your number, and one feeling in communion with you, —the effects of recent disaster in mercantile life,—I beg leave to suggest a few thoughts to you in view of those disasters, and, believing that all things are ordained for good, would draw a few moral and practical deductions from them, such as to me seem apparent.

In the outset of life, we are very apt to fall into the current of the world, and to drift along with it, that which is generally esteemed praiseworthy and which is made the criterion of respectability in society, becoming the object at which our ardent ambition aims, and the examples of those distinguished and honoured, being those of our emulation. Hence, if public opinion be incorrect, we are very likely to fall into the common error, which once contracted, is with difficulty shaken off. Now a great error in public sentiment at the present day, seems to me to be, that *wealth is the criterion of respectability*. All that is required to ensure a passport into society, is a representation for wealth. This it is which entitles us to the attention of the elite; this, around which centre the

smiles of beauty; this, which gives distinction at home and abroad, and this it is, in fine, which is the nucleus around which centre all that is deemed desirable in society or honourable in life. The means even by which one may have obtained this potent and indisputable requisite, however dishonourable, are lost sight of: and moral, and social, and even intellectual and religious qualities, are outweighed and obscured by the weight and glitter of wealth. And is this a sound principle? Is it not one calculated to discourage high moral and intellectual aspiration; and one at war with every christian and social virtue?

For in the first place is it not a prostitution of the noble capacities of our nature to allow them all to be absorbed in any one worldly pursuit? And do they not receive an impress and character from that employment, which disqualifies them for the exercise of their legitimate and higher functions? For example, all the faculties of the mind brought to the acquisition of wealth, receives an impression from avarice, and are rendered cold and selfish, if not obtused by it. Hence the man whose whole mind is absorbed in the pursuit of gain, is rendered as incapable of enjoying the pleasures of social and domestic life, as he is of contributing to them. He sees all through the eyes of avarice—his friends lose all charm to him, when they cease to minister to his avarice, and his wife and children incur his displeasure and frown, in no way so surely as in asking for the means of comfort. Here then we see this desire for gain breaking down and supplanting all the better susceptibilities of nature, interrupting our friendly relations and destroying our social and domestic peace, as well as of detracting materially from the happiness of those connected with us by the ties of friendship, of nature or of affection. In reply to the question of how is this to be obviated? I would say, let us not appropriate the whole of our time to any one thing; as we have necessities let us as a matter of duty devote enough of our time to the acquisition of as much money as is required by them, and let us at the same time endeavour to provide a surplus for old age, but beyond these all the thought that we apply is misapplied; all the exertion we make is made to our own detriment, because it is made at the expense of some other duty required by our moral and intellectual natures.

JIM BROWN AND HIS ECHO.

Jim Brown having got as blue as "Kentucky ketchup" could make him, and the cabaret being an every day resort of his, he sighed for change; he sought novelty, looked out for some new state of existence, and finally found it in an old steamboat boiler that lay on the Levee. Into it he introduced his person, and when inside, thinking it impregnable to any assailing party, he cut up sundry and divers shines in the way of singing and talking to himself. As the concave form of his temporary habitation gave an echo to every thing he said, the watchman, who heard the noise, fancied there were two Jim Browns instead of one. Jim Brown, in the boiler, and Jim himself was somewhat puzzled to account for the phenomena. "Go ahead, steamboat," shouted Brown. "Go ahead, steamboat," responded the echo. "Fire up," said Mr. Brown, and "fire up," answered the echo. Charley was a believer in supernatural and natural spirits, and debated for some time in his mind whether or not he should examine the boiler, or go to a groggery and liquor. At length he summoned up courage, proceeded to where the noise came from, and asked, "Who's there?" Jim and Jim's echo answered, "It's none of your business." "Oh, there's a pair of ye there," says the watchman. "No," says Jim, and his echo endorsed every word that he uttered. "No, sir; I'm of the single cylinder make, two hundred horse power with a strong stroke. I'm a regular buster, and no mistake." "You're vagrants; come out of that," said the watchman. "You'd better out of that yourself. I'll blow up—I'll collapse in two minutes," retorted the loafer, who had steam enough in him, at all events, to warrant the assertion. Charley finally got Jim Brown out of his hiding place, but was at a loss to discover where Jim Brown's friend could have vanished to. Jim swore that he didn't see no gem'man there but himself. "Well," said Charley, "if there warn't no invisible hindividual there with you, the sympathy that seems to exist between you and that ere boilers, the strongest case of hannimal magnetism, that I ever did see in all my wast hobserwation." Jim Brown and Charley were seen moving along towards the watch house in Baronne street; what has since become of him depondent knoweth not.—*Picaunc.*

DRURY LANE THEATRE.—Her Majesty and Prince Albert were receive by the entire assemblage with enthusiastic cheering, which the Royal pair acknowledged by bowing graciously and repeatedly. Her Majesty was attired in deep mourning, relieved by a profusion of diamonds, disposed in a compact and massive border or tucker, full two inches and a half broad, which extended from shoulder to shoulder round the upper part of her dress. A splendid star depended on her bosom from a brilliant necklace; and the beautiful coronet, ornamented with roses, shamrocks, and thistles in diamonds (which has already attracted so much admiration,) formed her resplendent head-dress. Her Majesty also wore brilliant drops in her ears, and her hair full in long bands on the cheeks, passing under the ears, and terminating behind them. Prince Albert, sat beside her on her left, and equally in front, wearing a uniform of a Field Marshal, with the ribbon and star of the Garter in diamonds, and on his arm the symbol of mourning. His manner was reserved and dignified, yet perfectly attentive to all the observations that her Majesty was so frequently pleased to address to him. His form is much more matured than either his age or his features would lead the beholder to expect.

COLONEL JACK.

BY DANIEL DE FOE.

Colonel Jack is the story of a young thief, and De Foe's object, in writing it, was to show the thousand miseries and crimes that wait on the absence of education, in those whom nature had designed to have been even the happiest and the most virtuous. "Here is room," he said, in his original preface to the work, and with his usual manliness and humanity, "for just and copious observations on the blessings and advantages of a sober and well-governed education, and the ruin of so many thousands of all ranks in this nation for the want of it. The miserable condition of multitudes of youth, many of whose natural tempers are docible, and would lead them to learn the best things rather than the worst, is truly deplorable, and is abundantly seen in the history of this man's childhood; where, though circumstances forced him by necessity to be a thief, surprising rectitude of principles remained with him, and made him early abhor the worst part of his trade, and at length forsake the whole of it."

It will be easy to show, by an extract, the intensity of literal truth with which this wise and noble lesson is taught in the fiction of De Foe. Perhaps nothing finer in this respect was ever written than the first half of the novel of *Colonel Jack*.

The Colonel is the youngest of three poor beggar boys, all named John, all brought up together to the arts of thievery, and dubbed for distinction's sake, Captain, Major, and Colonel. The Captain's seniority in crime and in punishment does not avail to deter the Major, who makes his debut as a thief in due course, and astonishes the little Colonel, who is yet quite innocent of all such things, by suddenly displaying its results in the shape of seven and sixpence. They go together to Rag fair to buy themselves shoes and stockings, and think their riches fineless.

"Hark ye, Major Jack, you and I never had money in our lives before, and we never had a good dinner in all our lives; what if we should go somewhere and get some victuals? I am very hungry."

"So we will then," says the major, "I am hungry too;" so we went to a boiling cook's in Rosemary lane, where we treated ourselves nobly, and, as I thought with myself, we began to live like gentlemen, for we had three-pennyworth of boiled beef, two-pennyworth of pudding, a penny brick (as they call it, or loaf), and a whole pint of strong beer, which was 7d. in all.

"N. B. We had each of us a good mess of charming beef broth into the bargain; and which cheered my heart wonderfully, all the while we were at dinner the maid and the boy in the house, every time they passed by the open box where we sat at our dinner, would look in, and cry, 'Gentlemen, do you call?' and 'Do ye call, gentlemen?' I say this was as good to me as all my dinner."

This is very homely, yet oh! how wonderfully exact and true it is! But let us observe to what lofty uses this homely writing may be turned. We are going to quote one of the most exquisite and affecting descriptions contained in the whole vast and varied range of English literature. It may be appealed to as the best living expression of De Foe's genius, and is probably finer than any thing in *Robinson Crusoe*.

Colonel Jack becomes concerned in a robbery, and receives five pounds as his share of the plunder. A common writer—a man of good repute, however, and in great favour at the circulating libraries—would, no doubt, at this happy crisis in his hero's fate, have filled his little heart with hope and courage, and made him happiest, as he was richest, of beggar boys. The genius of the higher artist cannot be too carefully discriminated, or too much admired. Colonel Jack's miseries and ill gotten wealth begin together.

"I have often thought since that, and with some mirth too, how I had really more wealth than I knew what to do with, for lodging I had none, nor any box or drawer to hide my money in, nor had I any pocket, but such as I say was full of holes; I knew nobody in the world that I could go and desire them to lay it up for me; for being a poor, naked, ragged boy, they would presently say I had robbed somebody, and perhaps lay hold of me, and my money would be my crime, as they say it often is in foreign countries; and now, as I was full of wealth, behold I was full of care, for what to do to secure my money I could not tell; and this held me so long, and was so vexatious to me the next day, that I truly sat down and cried.

Nothing could be more perplexing than this money was to me all that night. I carried it in my hand a good while, for it was in gold all but 14s. that is to say, it was four guineas, and that 14s. was more difficult to carry than the four guineas. At last I sat down and pulled off one of my shoes, and put the four guineas into that; but after I had gone awhile, my shoe hurt me so I could not go, so I was fain to sit down again, and take it out of my shoe, and carry it in my hand; then I found a dirty linen rag in the street, and I took that up, and wrapt it altogether, and carried it in that a good way. I have often since heard people say, when they have been talking of money that they could not get in, I wish I had it in a foul clout: in truth, I had mine in a foul clout; for it was foul, according to the letter of that saying, but it served me till I came to a convenient place, and then I sat down and washed the cloth in the kennel, and so then put my money in again.

"Well, I carried it home with me to my lodging in the glass-house, and when I went to go to sleep, I knew not what to do

with it; if I had let any of the black crew I was with know of it, I should have been smothered in the ashes for it, or robbed of it; or some trick or other put upon me for it; so I knew not what to do, but lay with it in my hand, and my hand in my bosom, but then sleep went from my eyes. Oh the weight of human care! I, a poor beggar boy, could not sleep, so soon as I had but a little money to keep, who, before that, could have slept upon a heap of brick bats, stones, or cinders, or any where, as sound as a rich man does on his down bed, and sounder too.

"Every now and then dropping asleep, I should dream that my money was lost, and start like one frightened; then, finding it fast in my hand, try to go to sleep again, but could not for a long while, then drop and start again. At last a fancy came into my head, that if I fell asleep, I should dream of the money, and talk of it in my sleep, and tell that I had money; which if I should do, and one of the rogues should hear me, they would pick it out of my bosom, and of my hand too, without waking me; and after that thought I could not sleep a wink more; so I passed that night over in care and anxiety enough, and this, I may safely say, was the first night's rest that I lost by the cares of this life, and the deceitfulness of riches.

"As soon as it was day I got out of the hole we lay in, and rambled abroad in the fields towards Stepney, and there I mused and considered what I should do with this money, and many a time I wished that I had not had it; for, after all my ruminating upon it, and what course I should take with it, or where I should put it, I could not hit upon any one thing, or any possible method to secure it, and it perplexed me so, that at last, as I said just now, I sat down and cried heartily.

"When my crying was over, the case was the same; I had the money still, and what to do with it I could not tell; at last it came into my head that I should look out for some hole in a tree, and see to hide it there till I should have occasion for it. Big with this discovery, as I then thought it, I began to look about me for a tree; but there were no trees in the fields about Stepney or Mile-end that looked fit for my purpose; and if there were any that I began to look narrowly at, the fields were so full of people, that they would see if I went to hide any thing there, and I thought the people eyed me, as it were, and that two men in particular followed me to see what I intended to do.

"This drove me further off, and I crossed the road at Mile end, and in the middle of the town went down a lane that goes away to the Blind Beggar's at Bethnal green. When I got a little way in the lane I found a foot-path over the fields, and in those fields several trees for my turn, as I thought, at last, one tree had a little hole in it, pretty high out of my reach, and I climbed up the tree to get it, and when I came there, I put my hand in, and found, as I thought, a place very fit; so I placed my treasure there, and was mighty well satisfied with it; but behold, putting my hand in again, to lay it more commodiously, as I thought, of a sudden it slipped away from me, and I found the tree was hollow, and my little parcel was fallen in out of my reach, and how far it might go in I knew not; so that, in a word, my money was quite gone, irrecoverably lost; there could be no room so much as to hope ever to see it again, for 'twas a vast great tree.

"As young as I was, I was now sensible what a fool I was before, that I could not think of ways to keep my money, but I must come thus far to throw it into a hole where I could not reach it: well, I thrust my hand quite up to my elbow, but no bottom was to be found, nor any end of the hole or cavity; I got a stick of the tree, and thrust it in a great way, but all was one; then I cried nay, roared out, I was in such a passion; then I got down the tree again, then up again, and thrust in my hand again till I scratched my arm and made it bleed, and cried all the while most violently; then I began to think I had not so much as a halfpenny of it left for a halfpenny roll, and I was hungry, and then I cried again: then I came away in despair, crying and roaring like a little boy that had been whipped; then I went back again to the tree, and up the tree again, and thus I did several times.

"The last time I had gotten up the tree I happened to come down not on the same side that I went up and came down before, but on the other side of the tree, and on the other side of the bank also; and, behold, the tree had a great open place in the side of it close to the ground, as old hollow trees often have; and looking in the open place, to my inexpressible joy, there lay my money and my linen rag, all wrapped up just as I had put it into the hole: for the tree being hollow all the way up, there had been some moss or light stuff, which I had not judgment enough to know was not firm, that had given way when it came to drop out of my hand, and so it had slipped quite down at once.

"I was but a child, and I rejoiced like a child, for I hollow'd quite out loud when I saw it; then I ran to it and snatched it up, hugged and kissed the dirty rag a hundred times; then danced and jumped about, ran from one end of the field to the other, and, in short, I knew not what, much less do I know now what I did, though I shall never forget the thing, either what a sinking grief it was to my heart when I thought I had lost it, or what a flood of joy overwhelmed me when I had got it again.

"While I was in the first transport of my joy, as I have said, I ran about, and knew not what I did; but when that was over, I sat down, opened the foul clout the money was in, looked at it, told it, found it was all there, and then I fell a crying as violently as I did before, when I thought I had lost it."

We had marked other passages for extract, but masterly as they are they would follow feebly after this. Every part of the fiction is written with equal earnestness, and an equal power of identification with absolute truth. It falls off in the latter half of it from no lack of these attributes, but because De Foe, probably from even too great a reliance on them, has gone too much into merely common-place incident.

The title of the book, since it expresses little Jack's fortunes, may amuse the reader. "The history of the most remarkable life and extraordinary adventures of the truly honourable Colonel Jacques, vulgarly called Colonel Jack, who was born a gentleman, put apprentice to a pickpocket, flourished six-and-twenty years as a thief, and was then kidnapped to Virginia: came back a merchant, was five times married, went into the wars, behaved bravely, got preferment, was made Colonel of a regiment; returned again to England, followed the fortunes of the Chevalier de St. George, was taken at the Preston Rebellion; received his pardon from the late King; is now at the head of his regiment, in the service of the Czarina, fighting against the Turks, completing a life of wonders; and resolves to die a General."

From a Winter in Iceland, &c. &c.

REVOLUTION IN ICELAND.

In 1809 a humorous civil broil, or attempted usurpation occurred, which gave the Icelanders a piece of entertainment to carry them out of their melancholy thoughts. One Jorgen Jorgensen, originally a prisoner of war, and afterwards a midshipman in a British man-of-war, upon the breaking out of the war with Denmark, returned to his native country and took the command of a sloop, but was captured by an English vessel. Being now upon his parole in London, he met with a Mr. Phelps, an extensive soap-boiler, to whom he represented the advantages that might be derived from opening a trade in tallow with Iceland, while the Danes were excluded from it. Phelps, dazzled by these representations, dispatched Jorgen with a cargo, and appointed a half-French, half-Englishman, named Savignac, as supercargo. Upon their arrival however, the governor interdicted all dealings, and Jorgen returned in ballast, leaving, however, Savignac behind. Phelps, however, was not discouraged, and fitted out another vessel, the "Margaret and Anne," and providing himself with a letter of marque, went this time in person:—

"On his arrival, he seized a Danish vessel called the 'Orion,' in virtue of a letter of marque. Savignac, also, gave his employer to understand that the governor had offered a reward for Mr. Phelps's head. Upon hearing this, the merchant ordered his captain to seize the person of the governor, who was accordingly arrested on a Sunday afternoon, as the people were coming from church, and put on board the 'Margaret and Anne,' where he was kept in strict confinement.

"Jorgensen, who had hitherto been quiet, now came forward, and seized upon the reins of government. He began by issuing a proclamation, by which he declared Iceland an independent republic, to be placed under the protection of Great Britain, and decided upon three white stockfish upon a blue ground for its flag. He also undertook to put the country in a state of defence, and to restore the ancient form of government; but as these changes would require some time to effect, he took upon himself the labour of ruling the land, until such time as the constitution should be sufficiently established to work without his aid; and he satisfied himself with taking the modest titles of 'Protector of Iceland and Commander by Sea and Land.'

"As he felt the utility of pecuniary resources, he declared all the property belonging to the Danes forfeited to the State; and in order to render himself popular with the natives, he sold them the grain belonging to the former at half price. Among other means that he took to turn the trade into the hands of his employers, and to prevent any attempt at residence, he ordered all the Danes to give up their arms, and forbade them, under pain of instant death, to stir out of their houses. Backed by the guns of the 'Margaret and Anne,' which could blow up the town and its inhabitants in less than half an hour, Jorgensen was too formidable to be resisted by the Danes, who were, besides, dispirited by the loss of their governor, and he quietly took possession and installed himself in the dwelling of the latter.

"Having now formed a body-guard, from some thieves that he picked up and rigged out as soldiers, he set about his changes, turning out one magistrate, imprisoning another, and plundering Danes whenever he had an opportunity. To redeem his promise of putting the island in a state of defence, he caused six rusty guns to be dragged from Bessstad, where they had lain for near two hundred years, and with them mounted a battery for the protection of the town. The wool that was purchased by Phelps, during the summer, was put up in bales, so as to form a breastwork, and as military an appearance as possible given to the whole.

"It is uncertain how far he would have carried his plans into execution, had he met with no foreign obstacle. It has been said that he was backed by some influential Icelanders, who preferred the English to the Danish government, and, no doubt, the prudence of many of his orders indicate, that he was directed by persons who were well acquainted with every detail relative to the country. The people, however, were too dispersed, and too unaccustomed to agitation, to take a warm part in the revolution, and Jer-

gensen was too regardless of private rights not to make many enemies. Though he must have fallen of himself, his usurpation was put an end to by a much more powerful engine.

"While he was playing the dictator at Reikiavik, and amusing himself with tormenting the Danes, the 'Talbot,' sloop of war, under the command of the Honourable Alexander Jones, entered the port of Havniford, and received information of what was going on at the Capital: the captain immediately went there, and seeing the new flag waving over the town, ordered it to be taken down, and the Danish colours to be substituted. The battery, too, was destroyed. The governor having desired to be taken to England, to represent what had happened to the English government, Captain Jones appointed the two next officers in rank, named Stephenson, to govern in his absence.

"As for Jorgensen, the captain insisted upon his going to England, as he had broken his parole. The 'Margaret and Anne' sailed with the best cargo that ever left Iceland: but, before she lost sight of land, she was discovered to be on fire; and the crew were only rescued by Jorgensen coming up to them in the prize 'Orion.' The fire was attributed to the Danish prisoners; but there is every reason to believe that it arose from the wool that had been used for the battery, having been put on board wet, and, consequently, ignited. Jorgensen, on his return, was put in confinement, and having committed two felonies, was transported to Botany Bay; and Phelps, unable to recover the loss of his ship, became a bankrupt.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN SKETCHES.

BATTLE OF THE RANCH.

The people of that part of Mexico known as the "Department of Santa Fe," have for many years been harassed and annoyed by the depredations of the Apachus Indians. An American by the name of Kurker, at the time of our visit, had just entered into a contract with the Government to fight the Indians, and bring them to a permanent treaty, for the sum of one hundred thousand dollars, five thousand dollars of which was paid to him in advance to commence operations. Kurker is now carrying on the war, and his first skirmish occurred while we were in Toas, within two miles of the town at which we were sojourning. He is a man of daring and reckless disposition, who has himself suffered from the Indians, and he now hunts them as much in revenge for the injuries they have done him as in prospect of emolument.

The battle which forms the subject of the present sketch, occurred close under the black mountain of Toas, in the valley of the same name, near to a small town called the "Ranch." Kurker, with about fifty men, was here encamped, when a party of the Apachus crept upon them in the night and stole a number of their horses. The Indians were not aware that Kurker's party were prepared for war, but supposed they were stealing from an encampment of traders, who would not dare to pursue them. The robbery had scarcely been committed when it was discovered, and in a very few moments more, Kurker and his fifty men were in close pursuit of the Indians. Knowing that the thieves would endeavour to escape over the mountains, by ascending a ravine that opened into the valley near the spot where the robbery was committed, Kurker led his men quickly round a by-path up the mountain side, and as the grey light of morning spread over the valley, the pursuers found themselves upon an eminence commanding the ravine up which the Indians were hurrying, mounted upon the stolen horses. The marauders numbered about a hundred and twenty, more than doubling the force of the pursuing party; but although they hold the Spaniards in contempt, they are cowards when opposed by the Americans. Cunning as they were they did not discover their danger until fifty American rifles were levelled, each with deadly aim, at a separate victim.

The first cry of alarm from the Indian was the signal to fire, and as the early sunbeam penetrated the ravine, echo started suddenly from slumber, bounding wildly from cliff to cliff, and away among the distant crags, like the spirit of fear speeding from death and danger. Twenty Indians fell from their horses at that fire, some with a single frightful yell expiring on the instant, while other with clenched teeth and with the desperate energy of departing life, clung to the reins, and were dragged about and trod upon by the alarmed horses. The Indians ride furiously, and without pausing an instant, they turned and fled towards the valley. Some that were wounded fell from the frightened animals while they were in full speed down the ravine. Kurker and his men followed without reloading their rifles, and chased the Indians until they emerged from the ravine, and took refuge within the walls of the Ranch.

This town called the Ranch lies at the base of a gigantic mountain, and is watered by a swift stream that rushes from the ravine we have mentioned. It contains about three hundred houses, and these are built compactly together, forming a wall, and enclosing a large square, in the centre of which stands the church. Into this square the Indians rushed, and endeavoured to force their way into the church, having been taught to believe that the sacred roof is protection against all danger. But Kurker's men felt no disposition to let them off so easily, and reloading their rifles, they resumed the attack within the walls of the town. It was still early morning, and the inhabitants sprang from their beds in the wildest confusion and alarm.—First was heard the thronging of the In-

dians into the town—their murmurs of fear and terror; then the shouts of the pursuers; children screamed within the dwellings and there was a rapid closing and barring of doors and windows. Then came the report of fire-arms, followed by screams and yells from the victims, over which again rose the loud hurrahs of the Americans, as wild and savage as the dread war whoop of the Indian. The men seemed to grow delirious with the excitement, and to become inspired with the savage nature of their enemies. One man after discharging his rifle and pistols, rushed madly among the Indians with his knife, and actually succeeded in taking a scalp before he was killed. The fight lasted but half an hour, when the Indians begged for mercy, and were suffered to depart.

Kurker's men are mostly robust, daring fellows from Kentucky and Missouri, wagoners, speculators, who yielded to the seductions of the Monte Bank, and were ruined; men of rough, yet chivalrous and romantic natures, who love the wild life they are leading.—Their pay from Kurker is a dollar a day and half booty, so that their interest as well as their love of excitement leads them to make battle whenever opportunity occurs. In this battle forty Indians were killed, and of Kurker's party but one American and one half breed. The stolen horses were recovered, and all the other animals in the possession of the Indians were taken as booty. Kurker himself is as brave as a lion, and a man of great enterprise as well as skill in this kind of warfare. Having but just commenced operations his force is small, but men were thronging to join him every day, and he will soon be at the head of a powerful army.—*New Orleans Pic.*

SCRAPS FROM A NEW NOVEL, BY A LADY.

A SHOW-WOMAN.

"So, my dear, you are come at last!" began Mrs. Bradley, who was always most particular to say my dear, and use her blandest tones, when most out of humour, having ever before her the lessons of her youth, that it was not ladylike to speak loud or appear in a passion. She was one of that very numerous class of persons who "strain at a gnat and swallow a camel." An act unfitting a lady would have shocked her—a feeling unfitting a Christian was as a mote in her eye, unperceived, unfelt; or if felt or perceived, unheeded as long as it attracted not the notice of others. The approval and disapproval of her own conscience was nothing to her; she lived only in the opinion of the public: a polished selfishness was her distinguishing characteristic, though that polish was not always as perfect as she desired, owing to a naturally bad taste and worse temper. Not without natural affections, her duties as a mother were better performed than those of any other relation of life; but even here was discernible the vanity of one who sought the applause of the multitude more than the happiness of the object of her regard. There are show-houses, that, despite their splendour, convey no idea of comfort or happiness, but strike a chill to the observer; Mrs. Bradley was a show-woman.

A GOOD-NATURED MAN.

Mr. Bradley was not an undecided, but, except in his favourite pursuit of agriculture, he was an indolent man; and to this indolence what his wife chiefly indebted for maintaining her rule. He did not like many things which she proposed and executed; but it was less trouble to yield than to contend; so that unless roused to determined opposition by her irritating manner, or some generous purpose, he allowed her to order and counter-order pretty much as she pleased.

"When master's back is up, let him have it all his own way; it won't last long, and you can have it all your own way to-morrow," was the remark of the bailiff who had been long in his service; and the bailiff was right.

Mr. Bradley objected to many of his wife's worldly maxims, and yet he let her impress them on the minds of his children, only occasionally expressing his dissent, instead of constantly and seriously endeavouring to counteract their influence. He had approved of the former governess, a most estimable woman, yet he allowed his lady to displace her on a frivolous pretence, though convinced that her only fault was not being sufficiently submissive and complimentary. He had a mean opinion of the present governess, and yet he permitted her to remain with his children, though more than suspecting that she was a pompous fool and subservient flatterer: he knew that their yearly expenses, owing to his lady's taste for show and company, even now, when the education of his children was at its lowest rate, exceeded their yearly income; yet he permitted his wife to accept and issue invitations, order furniture and improvements at her good or evil pleasure: he saw that Grace had incurred the enmity of his lady, and was not therefore likely to be in favour with Miss Heywood and her pupils, yet after the first he interfered no further to insure her comfort, contenting himself with a kind greeting when they met.

CHILDISH DESOLATION.

Grace quitted the apartment without a word, and walked to her little room, not with the noiseless creeping step of fear, but with the slow heavy tread of a deep woe that had absorbed all dread. She had unconsciously indulged the hope that this long-promised visit of Rawdon's would bring some amelioration to her hard lot; and now he had been there, and he was gone!—gone for years, and far away, and she was left to all her former wretchedness. If Rawdon could not help her, there was none who could; and she must bear taunts and ill temper as before.

And she did bear them month after month; year after year, creeping away when she could with Frolic into the library, where she was seldom disturbed, (the present generation of Bradleys not being a reading generation,) or if seen permitted to remain on condition of dusting the books. And here she sat poring over works above her age, taxing her mind to its utmost powers to understand them; now sympathizing with the hero and the patriot, her pale cheek glowing with enthusiasm; then drinking in with a thirsting spirit and a passionate love for the ideal, the golden dreams of poets, their glorious visions, and their thrilling hopes; or, if the season of the year allowed, she would seek out some sunny spot where she might bask beneath the light and warmth; or, sporting with her favourite, twine wreaths of the sweet wild flowers to hang around his neck. Thus passed the life of the neglected child—her happiest moments when her very existence was forgotten by all beside; and she could sit apart, the sense of her loneliness and desolation lost in her sympathies with the hopes, the thoughts, the aspirations of the glorious and the good; or that loneliness peopled, by imagination, with those she loved—her desolation brightened by brilliant visions of the future. The chain and locket never left her neck; night and day it was there, linking her, as it seemed, to the few who loved her. In the rainbow hopes of the future, and in the touching and still more beautiful memories of the past, she strove to forget the gloomy present.

CHARMS OF THE FARMER'S LIFE.

Mr. Coleman deserves great credit for his exertions in the agricultural cause. It is undoubtedly the great and vital interest of the country, and the more attention is drawn to it the better for us all. In a lecture lately delivered before a Society at Concord, Mass. we have the following passage on what may be called the poetry of his profession.—*Evening Gazette.*

"What a means of improving pleasure is an improved agriculture! How many charming examples present themselves among us of improvements which every eye gazes upon with unmingled delight! Let a man, according to his power, take his ten, his twenty, his fifty, his hundred acres. Let him comb the hair, and wash the face of nature. Let him subdue, clear, cultivate, enrich, embellish it. Let him smooth the rough places; and drain the wet, and fill up the sunken and enrich the barren. Let him enclose it with a neat and substantial fence. Let him line its borders and roadsides with ornamental trees, and let him stock every proper part of it with vines and fruits. Let his fields and meadows wave with their golden harvests, and let his hills be covered with the herds, rejoicing in the fulness with which his labours, under the blessing of God, have spread their table, and who, when he goes among them, hasten from all sides to meet him, and gratefully recognize in him a friend and benefactor, and lick the hand which is accustomed to feed and fondle them. Here now let us see the neatly painted cottage with its green shades, its piazzas trellised with vines, its sides covered with the spreading elm or flowering acacia, with here and there the beautiful fir to shade the picture, and the mountain ash showing its rich clusters of crimson fruit among the deep green foliage, and the smooth and verdant lawn stretching its soft and beautiful carpet in the front view; then look again and see the parents at the close of day, resting from their labour, and enjoying the calm evening, with the pledges of mutual and devoted affection rioting before them in all the buoyance of youthful innocence and delight; and if at such an hour as this, you can hear the hymn of grateful praise rising from the humble abode of peace and love, and its charming notes mingling with the music of the gurgling brook that flows near by, or broken by the occasional shrill and hollow notes of the gentle and fearless birds, which deem themselves loving members of this loving household; if then, whether traveller or sojourner, your heart is not touched with this charming and not unusual picture of rural felicity, cease to call yourself a man. If still you sigh for the noise and the bustle and the confinement of the city, with its impure water, with its offensive odours, with its detestable affectations, with its heartless formalities, with its violent excitements, with its midnight festivities, with its utter destitution of sympathy, with its low estimate of human life, with its squalid poverty, its multiplied forms of wretchedness and crime, its pride, its vanity, its ambition, its pomp, its servility; then go back to your gilded prison house, and to pleasures, which an uncorrupted and refined taste, accustomed to drink in the free air of Heaven, and to appreciate its freshness, its purity, and its salubrity, will find no occasion to covet or envy. The man who by his cultivation and good husbandry presents such a picture to the passer by, shall he not be called the benefactor of the community? Has he not done much to improve and bless society by his example? Has he not built a monument to his own honour, more eloquent than sculptured marble."

THE LIFE OF THE MIND.—There are two lives to each of us, gliding on at the same time, scarcely connected with each other: the life of our actions—the life of our minds; the external and the inward history; the movements of the frame—the deep and ever restless workings of the heart! They who have loved know that there is a diary of the affections, which we might keep for years without having occasion even to touch upon the exterior surface of life, our busy occupations—the mechanical progress of our existence; yet by the last we are judged, the first is never known.

EXTRACTS

From *Sketches of Young Couples; with an Urgent Remonstrance to the Gentlemen of England (being Bachelors or Widowers) on the present Alarming Crisis.* By the Author of "Sketches of Young Gentlemen."

THE CONTRADICTIONARY COUPLE.

"I do believe," he says, taking the spoon out of his glass, and tossing it on the table, "that of all the obstinate, positive, wrong-headed creatures that were ever born, you are the most so, Charlotte." "Certainly, certainly, have it your own way, pray. You see how much I contradict you," rejoins the lady. "Of course, you didn't contradict me at dinner time—oh no, not you!" says the gentleman. "Yes, I did," says the lady. "Oh, you did," cries the gentleman; "you admit that?" "If you call that contradiction," I do," the lady answers; "and I say again, Edward, that when I know you are wrong, I will contradict you. I am not your slave." "Not my slave!" repeats the gentleman, bitterly; "and you still mean to say that in the Blackburns' new house there are not more than fourteen doors, including the door of the wine-cellar?" "I mean to say," retorts the lady, beating time with her hair-brush on the palm of her hand, "that in that house there are fourteen doors, and no more." "Well, then," cries the gentleman, rising in despair, and pacing the room with rapid strides, "this is enough to destroy a man's intellect, and drive him mad!"

"By and by the gentleman comes to a little, and, passing his hand gloomily across his forehead, reseats himself in his former chair. There is a long silence, and this time the lady begins. "I appealed to Mr. Jenkins, who sat next to me on the sofa in the drawing-room, during tea—" "Morgan, you mean," interrupts the gentleman. "I do not mean any thing of the kind," answers the lady. "Now, by all that is impossible and aggravating to bear," cries the gentleman, clenching his hands and looking upwards in agony, "she is going to insist upon it that Morgan is Jenkins!" "Do you take me for a perfect fool?" exclaims the lady; "do you suppose I don't know the one from the other? Do you suppose I don't know that the man in the blue coat was Mr. Jenkins?" "Jenkins in a blue coat!" cries the gentleman, with a groan; "Jenkins in a blue coat! a man who would rather suffer death than wear any thing but brown!" "Do you dare to charge me with telling an untruth?" demands the lady, bursting into tears. "I charge you, ma'am," retorts the gentleman, starting up, "with being a monster of contradiction, a monster of aggravation, a—a—a—Jenkins in a blue coat!—what have I done that I should be doomed to hear such statements?"

But can any one doubt the secret satisfaction there is in this, and more than secret love? The mutual affection is measured by the resentment at contradiction, an awkward mode of measurement now and then, but on the whole much better than indifference. In serious matters we would safely answer for this couple, and, of that foolish propensity in trifles, perhaps even the hint of this little book may help to cure them.

ELDERLY GENTLEMEN.

"The old gentleman is eighty years old to-day—" "Eighty years old, Crofts, and never had a headache," he tells the barber who shaves him (the barber being a young fellow, and very subject to that complaint). "That's a great age, Crofts," says the old gentleman. "I don't think it's such a very great age, sir," replies the barber. "Crofts," rejoins the old gentleman, "you're talking nonsense to me. Eighty not a great age?" "It's a very great age, sir, for a gentleman to be as healthy and as active as you are," returns the barber; "but my grandfather, sir, he was ninety-four." "You don't mean that, Crofts?" says the old gentleman. "I do, indeed," retorts the barber; "and as vigorous as Julius Caesar my grandfather was." The old gentleman muses a little, and then says, "What did he die of, Crofts?" "He died accidentally, sir," returns the barber; "he didn't mean to do it. He always would go a-running about the streets—walking never satisfied his spirit—and he ran against a post and died of a hurt in his chest." The old gentleman says no more till the shaving is concluded, and then he gives Crofts half-a-crown to drink his health. He is a little doubtful of the barber's veracity afterwards, and telling the anecdote to the old lady, affects to make very light of it—though, to be sure (he adds), there was old Parr, and in some parts of England ninety-five or so is a common age, quite a common age."

THE LITTLE HOUSEMAID AT NUMBER SIX.

"Heaven alone can tell in what bright colours this marriage is painted upon the mind of the little housemaid at number six, who has hardly slept a wink all night with thinking of it, and now stands on the unswept doorsteps leaning upon her broom, and looking wistfully towards the enchanted house. Nothing short of omniscience can divine what visions of the baker, or the green-grocer, or the smart and most insinuating buttermilk, are flitting across her mind—what thoughts of how she would dress on such an occasion, if she were a lady—of how she would dress, if she were only a bride—of how cook would dress, being bridesmaid, conjointly with her sister 'in place' at Fulham, and how the clergyman, deeming them so many ladies, would be quite humbled and respectful. What day-dreams of hope and happiness—of life being one perpetual holiday, with no master and no mistress to grant or withhold it—of every Sunday being a Sunday out—of pure freedom as to curls and ringlets, and no obligation to hide fine heads of hair in caps—what pictures of happiness, vast and immense to her, but utterly ridicu-

lous to us, bewilder the brain of the little housemaid at number six, all called into existence by the wedding at the corner!

"We smile at such things, and so we should, though perhaps for a better reason than commonly presents itself. It should be pleasant to us to know that there are notions of happiness so moderate and limited, since upon those who entertain them, happiness and lightness of heart are very easily bestowed."

THE COUPLE WHO DOTE UPON THEIR CHILDREN.

"The couple who dote upon their children recognise no dates but those connected with their births, accidents, illnesses, or remarkable deeds. They keep a mental almanack with a vast number of Innocents' days, all in red letters. They recollect the last coronation, because on that day little Tom fell down the kitchen stairs; the anniversary of the Gunpowder plot, because it was on the fifth of November that Ned asked whether wooden legs were made in heaven, and cocked hats grew in gardens. Mrs. Whiffler will never cease to recollect the last day of the old year as long as she lives, for it was on that day that the baby had the four red spots on its nose which they took for measles; nor Christmas day, for twenty-one days after Christmas day the twins were born; nor Good Friday, for it was on a Good Friday that she was frightened by the donkey cart when she was in the family way with Georgiana. The moveable feasts have no motion for Mr. and Mrs. Whiffler, but remain pinned down tight and fast to the shoulders of some small child, from whom they can never be separated any more. Time was made, according to their creed, not for slaves, but for girls and boys; the restless sands in his glass are but little children at play."

THE HIGHEST YOUNG COUPLE.

"To that one young couple on whose bright destiny the thoughts of nations are fixed, may the youth of England look, and not in vain, for an example. From that one couple, blessed and favoured as they are, may they learn that even the glare and glitter of a court, the splendour of a palace, and the pomp and glory of a throne, yield in their power of conferring happiness to domestic worth and virtue. From that one young couple may they learn that the crown of a great empire, costly and jewelled though it be, gives place, in the estimation of a Queen, to the plain gold ring that links her woman's nature to that of tens of thousands of her humble subjects, and guards in her woman's heart one secret store of tenderness, whose proudest boast shall be that it knows no royalty save nature's own, and no pride of birth but being the child of heaven!

"So shall the highest young couple in the land for once hear the truth, when men throw up their caps, and cry with loving shouts—

"GOD BLESS THEM!"

MODEL OF ST. PETER'S.

A model on a grand scale of *St. Peter's at Rome*, executed by Celestino Vai, of Brescia, principal mechanician of the Theatre San Carlos at Naples, is now exhibiting at the gallery in Maddox Street; and will well repay an attentive inspection. It conveys an idea of the magnitude, proportions, and details of this stupendous edifice, more complete and palpable than a pictorial representation can possibly do. The model is constructed of wood, from actual measurements, on a scale of 1 to 100, its dimensions being 15 feet long, and 7½ wide; and the walls of the room are covered with a panoramic sketch of the scenery and buildings in its vicinity. The ornamental features, such as statues, capitals, &c. are faithfully given. The extreme labour of these details, as well as the magnificence of the building, may be inferred from the fact, that there are upwards of five hundred and sixty statues on the outside, and two hundred and eighty-eight columns, exclusive of pilasters; and will account for the task having occupied the whole time of the ingenious artist during eleven years. The model is painted in imitation of the local colour of the building.

A visit to this exhibition accounted at once for the disappointment so frequently experienced by travellers in the size of St. Peter's, and confirms the censures connoisseurs have passed on the design as it now appears. The façade advances so far before the nave of the church, that the dome is not seen in its full proportions, the drum or cylinder being hidden by the attic of the front; so that both the large and small cupolas appear to have sunk into the roof; moreover, the vast extent and lofty height of the colonnade in front lessen the effect of the elevation; and it is only by calculation of the enormous size of the pile in comparison with the human stature, that an idea can be formed commensurate with the grandeur of the edifice. Here we have another instance of the pernicious folly of tampering with an architectural design, and the fruitlessness of attempting to aggrandize a structure by accumulation of masses: mere bigness is the grossest element of the sublime, and, unless controlled by art, is destructive not only of beauty but of grandeur. Had Bramante's design for St. Peter's, and Wren's first design for St. Paul's been carried into effect, these two chefs-d'œuvre of architectural genius would have exhausted the language of panegyric, instead of taxing ingenuity to explain the cause of their comparative failure.—*London Paper.*

Real men and women never sneer at mechanics and operatives. But self-styled gentlemen and ladies not unfrequently do.

Speaking without thinking is shooting without taking aim.

WILLIAM PITT.

Pitt, tall and slender, had an air at once melancholy and sarcastic. His delivery was cold, his intonation monotonous, his action scarcely perceptible; at the same time the lucidness and the fluency of his thoughts, the logic of his arguments, suddenly irradiated with flashes of eloquence, rendered his talent something above the ordinary line.

I frequently saw Pitt walking across St. James' Park from his own house to the palace. On his part, George the Third arrived from Windsor, after drinking beer out of a pewter pot with the farmers of the neighbourhood; he drove through the mean courts of his mean habitation in a gray chariot, followed by a few horse guards. This was the master of the kings of Europe, as five or six merchants of the city are the masters of India. Pitt dressed in black, with a steel hilted sword by his side, and his hat under his arm, ascended, taking two or three steps at a time. In his passage he only met with three or four emigrants who had nothing to do; casting on us a disdainful look, he turned up his nose and his pale face, and passed on.

At home, this great financier kept no sort of order; he had no regular hours for his meals, or sleeping. Over head and ears in debt, he paid nobody, and never could take the trouble to cast up a bill. A *valet de chambre* managed his house. Ill dressed, without pleasure, without passion, and greedy of power, he despised honours, and would not be any thing more than William Pitt.

In the month of June, 1832, Lord Liverpool took me to dine at his country-house. As we crossed Putney Heath, he showed me the small house, where the son of Lord Chatham, the statesman who held Europe in his pay, and distributed with his own hand all the treasures of the world, died in poverty.—*English paper.*

SCRAPS FROM LATE PAPERS.

KINDNESS FROM THE AGED.—Is there one being, stubborn as the rock to misfortune, whom kindness does not affect? it comes with a double grace and tenderness from the old: it seems in them the hoarded and long purified benevolence of years: as if it had survived and conquered the baseness and selfishness of the ordeal it had passed; as if the winds which had broken the form, had swept in vain across the heart, and the frosts which had chilled the blood and whitened the locks, has possessed no power over the warm tide of the affections. It is the triumph of nature over art, it is the voice of the angel which is yet within us. Nor is this all, the tenderness of age is twice blessed—blessed in its trophies over the obduracy of encrusting and withering years, blessed because it is tinged with the sanctity of the grave; because it tells us that the heart will blossom even upon the precincts of the tomb, and flatters us with the inviolacy and immortality of love.

THE TWO ROSES.—Being with my friend in a garden, we gathered each of us a rose. He handled his tenderly, snelt to it but seldom and sparingly. I always kept mine to my nose, or squeezed it in my hand; whereby in a very short time it lost both its colour and sweetness, but his still remained as sweet and fragrant as if it had been growing on its own root. The roses, said I, are the true emblems of the best and sweetest enjoyments in the world, which being moderately and cautiously used and enjoyed, may for a long time yield sweetness to the possessor of them; but if once the affections seize too greedily upon them, and squeeze them too hard, they quickly wither in our hands, and we lose the comfort of them. It is a point of excellent wisdom to keep the golden bridle of moderation upon the affections.

ORANGES AND COFFEE.—Of all the new enjoyments of which the knowledge is acquired by a visit to the intertropical regions, those that reach us through a sense which in the Old World is productive of as many painful as pleasurable emotions are, in my opinion, the most exquisite. Without leaving Europe, a traveller may learn how delightful it is to take his early walk in an orange-grove during the season when the trees are in bloom; the gardens of the Tuilleries may give him a faint idea of it just before the ancient denizens of the *orangerie* have been despoiled of their crop of blossoms that the distiller may convert them into orange-flower water. But the fragrance of the Tuilleries is as inferior to that of the Moorish gardens of the Alcazer at Seville, as these last, with all the care bestowed on them, are excelled by some neglected orange-grove in Cuba or St. Domingo. Nor is the rich fragrance of the orange-grove to be compared for a moment with the aromatic odours of a coffee plantation, when its hundred thousand trees have just thrown out their unrivalled display of jessamine-like flowers, reminding you of what you may have read in Eastern fable of the perfumes of Araby the Blest.

THE KHAN OF CHIVA.—"The Khan of Chiva," says a letter from St. Petersburg, in the *France*, "is fifty-three years of age—brave, but indolent. He is said to be very desirous of being on good terms with Russia, but is controlled by his principal wife, a beautiful and haughty woman of twenty-two, sister of the Sultan of the independent Kirghis, and very fond of war. She has armed 5,000 Kurdowz infantry and 26,000 Chivian cavalry for the defence of the town, and has applied for assistance to her brother, who has, however, positively refused to go to war with Russia. She is said to be under the influence of an Italian, who acts as major-domo of her husband's palace. The Khan is supposed to be possessed of

large treasures, and his stables are filled with the finest horses of Asia. He has 600 slaves in his service, the Chivians themselves being all military, and unwilling to act as domestics. The population of his territory consists of 426,000 Chivians, and 85,000 slaves.—*Morning Post, Feb. 29.*

THE WAY TO SECURE BUILDINGS FROM FIRE.—In Boulogne, in France, having thirty thousand inhabitants, there has not been a fire in twenty years! So of all the other cities in that kingdom. Because, in the first place, the walls are complete all around, and laid on broad, solid foundations of three to four feet thickness, which are most faithfully cemented together by honest workmanship, and never taper, at the highest elevation, to less than two feet breadth. All the partitions of the rooms, &c. are of thin brick, plastered. All the floors of thin octagon or hexagon tiles, laid in a bed of plaster, and painted red and varnished. All the windows are of solid wall, except the wood work of the frames. The doors only are of wood. The mantels and stair-cases are generally stone or marble. What a world of money is thus saved, and misery prevented! The root of the mischief with us is the defective construction of houses—so light and thin are the walls, so has it run up, and so loaded with timber and wood work, that they crush into a heap of ruins as soon as kindled.—*N. Y. Star.*

FRENCH THEATRICALS.—Mademoiselle Rachel, who has rescued the classic drama in France from the oblivion into which it was fast falling, has set half Paris crazy. She is fairly persecuted by presents. She always takes care to have a neat supper ready against her return home from the theatre. A few weeks ago, the main plat was a superb carp. When Mademoiselle Rachel began to divide it, the fish-knife struck against some jewellery. It was found to be a gold bandeau, of the richest kind, incrusting with six precious stones, forming the acrostic of the actress name, and, moreover, an acrostic on her six most celebrated parts: thus—

- Roxana.....Ruby.
- Amenaide.....Amethyst.
- Camille.....Cornelian.
- Hermione.....Hematite.
- Emilie.....Emerald.
- Laodice.....Lapis lazuli.

Shortly before this, she received a golden garland, of the most exquisite workmanship, enclosed in a box of the same material. M. Duchatel, the minister, sent her, for her new-year's present, a complete collection of the French classics, richly bound and gilt.

WHIMSICAL CALCULATION.—What a noisy creature would man be, were his voice, in proportion to his weight, as powerful as that of the grasshopper, which may be heard at the distance of one-sixteenth of a mile! A man weighs about as much as 16,000 grasshoppers, if the voice of one of these may be heard at the distance of a mile, that of a man, were it in proportion to his weight, would be audible at the distance of 1000 miles; and when he sneezed he would run the risk of bringing the house about his ears, like the walls of Jericho at the sound of the trumpet. Assuming, further, that a flea weighs a grain, which is something more than its real weight, and that it is able to clear one inch and a half at a spring, a man of one hundred and fifty pounds weight would, by the same rule, be able to make a spring over a space of 12,800 miles, and consequently leap with ease from New York to Cochin China.

SOLITUDE.—To go into solitude, a man needs to retire as much from his chamber as from society. I am not solitary whilst I read and write, though nobody is with me. But if a man would be alone, let him look at the stars. The rays that come from those heavenly worlds will separate between him and vulgar things. One might think the atmosphere was made transparent with this design, to give man, in the heavenly bodies, the perpetual presence of the sublime. Seen in the streets of cities, how great they are! If the stars should appear one night in a thousand years, how would men believe and adore, and preserve for many years the remembrance of the city of God which had been shown! But every night come out these preachers of beauty, and light the universe with their admonishing smile.

CHEERFULNESS.—Cheerfulness, unaffected cheerfulness, is the thing that you must bring into company, if you wish to shine in conversation. Now, I do not mean by this any of those outbreaks of loud mirth, nor what the world sometimes call a "high flow of spirits," but a light and airy equanimity of temper, that never rises to boisterousness, and never sinks down to immoveable dullness—that moves gracefully from "grave to gay, from serious to serene," and by mere manner gives proof of a feeling heart and generous mind. The high and boisterous flow of spirits, so often praised by the superficial world, that keeps up during a party or visit, and then sinks down to absolute loutishness, is, on the other hand, a sure sign of a coarse and vulgar nature.

RESENTMENT TOWARD OTHERS.—The reflection, calculated above all others to allay that temper which is ever finding out provocations, and which renders anger so impetuous, is that we ourselves are, or shortly shall be, suppliants for mercy and pardon at the judgment-seat of God; casting ourselves on his compassion—crying out for mercy. Imagine such a creature to talk of satisfaction and revenge—refusing to be entreated—disdaining to forgive—extreme to mark and to resent what is done amiss. Imagine this, and you can hardly bring to yourself an instance of more impious and unnatural arrogance.

RE-ACTION OF MALEVOLENCE.—The influence of the baneful and immortal qualities upon others may be undefinable, not so their influence on the person who exhibits them; he must be deteriorated. Cases may occur in which civility, asperity, anger, ill-will, may, as far as regards others, produce consequences, opposed to their natural tendencies; but they can only have a pernicious effect upon him who trifles with the happiness of others.

BOUNAPARTE FAMILY.—Several members of Napoleon's family are at present in London. On the 24th ult. Prince Louis Napoleon entertained at dinner, in Carlton gardens, his two uncles, Joseph Bounaparte, ex-King of Spain, and Jerome Bounaparte, ex-King of Westphalia; and his cousin, Prince Lucien Murat, son of Murat, ex-King of Naples. The other guests were several distinguished officers of the French army under Napoleon.

GAS PIPES DISPENSED WITH.—In Vienna, at present, according to a simple perfectly secure method invented by M. F. Derrionet, gas is conveyed in hermetically sealed bags, on carriages constructed for the purpose, from the manufactory, to all parts of the town daily—by which the expense of laying down pipes in the streets is avoided, and the article supplied to the city at a proportionably reduced rate. This plan would offer immense advantages to the companies in London and other large manufacturing cities, by saving the great cost of their mile of pipe and the immense expense of applying gas to each house.

Good nature is the best feature in the finest face—wit may raise admiration, judgment may command respect, and knowledge, attention. Beauty may inflame the heart with love, but good nature has a more powerful effect—it adds a thousand attractions to the charms of beauty, and gives an air of beneficence to the most homely face.

When coal was extremely dear, a gentleman, meeting a coal merchant, accosted him with—"Well, my good sir, how is coal?" "Indeed, sir," he replied, "coal is coal now." "I am glad to hear it," returned the gentleman, "for the last you sent me was half slate."

When first we throw ourselves forth, and meet burrs and briars on every side, which stick in our very hearts, and fair tempting fruits, which turn to bitter ashes in the taste, then we exclaim, with impatience, all things are evil. But at length comes the calm hour, when they who look beyond the superficies of things begin to discern their true bearing; when the perception of evils, or sorrow, or sin, brings also the perception of some opposite good, which awakens our indulgence; or the knowledge of the cause which excites our pity.

A WILL.—A gentleman lately dead, has left by a will a sum of five hundred guineas to his wife, adding a clause that she was not to have the benefit of it till after her death, in order that she might have wherewithal to be comfortably buried.

ENGLAND'S AID TO HER ALLIES.—Within twelve months from the commencement of the war she sent over to the Spanish armies (besides £2,000,000) 150 pieces of field artillery, 42,000 rounds of ammunition, 200,000 muskets, 61,000 swords, 79,000 pikes, 23,000,000 ball cartridges, 6,000,000 leaden balls, 15,000 barrels of gunpowder, 92,000 suits of clothing, 356,000 sets of accoutrements and pouches, 310,000 pairs of shoes, 40 tents, 250,000 yards of cloth, 10,000 sets of camp equipage, 118,000 yards of linen, 50,000 great coats, 50,000 canteens, 50,000 haversacks, with a variety of other stores.—*Maxwell's Life of Wellington.*

THE PEARL.

HALIFAX, SATURDAY MORNING, APRIL 4, 1840.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.—The English Packet, 24 days from Falmouth, arrived on Wednesday last, bringing dates to March 7th, which is five or six days later than intelligence received by the British Queen. Very little of political importance appears.—Depression of Trade in the English manufacturing districts—and a change of ministers in France, are the chief items.

Intelligence from the United States excited much interest in Town on Wednesday. Diplomatic movements respecting the disputed boundary, look rather warlike. The British Minister at Washington demands that the people of Maine shall conform strictly to existing agreements between the Governments, and states that the American Government will be held responsible for any aggression that may occur. This is not taken in good part by the American authorities. Many fear that war may be brought about by the conduct of persons on the boundary, although not by the direct action of the two Governments. We trust not,—but that the humanizing effects of peaceful achievements will be allowed to proceed unchecked by the horrors of war.

Much political excitement has been exhibited in Halifax during the past week. On Saturday a meeting was held at Mason Hall, and resolutions adopted, condemnatory of the Address of the House of Assembly, respecting the removal of Sir Colin Campbell. The Meeting also adopted, unanimously, an Address to his Excellency, and went with it, in a body, from the Hall to Government House. His Excellency received the assemblage graciously, and returned a suitable answer.—On Monday a Meeting was held at Mason

Hall, called by the members for the Town and County of Halifax. The Address for his Excellency's recall, and the conduct of the House and Council, generally, were discussed at length. The crowd in the room was oppressively dense. Two sets of resolutions were proposed, but the confusion and lateness of the hour prevented any decision from being taken.

FIRE.—An alarm of fire was given last evening between eight and nine o'clock. It was found to proceed from a house in Hollis street, nearly opposite the New Hotel. Flames soon burst from the roof, and strenuous exertions were promptly made to save the furniture of the house, and prevent the fire from spreading. The first was partially successful, and although the fire at times strongly threatened the adjoining buildings, it was confined to the upper stories of the house where it originated. Before ten the danger was over.

MECHANICS' INSTITUTE.—Mr. McKinlay lectured last Wednesday evening on Electricity, with numerous interesting experiments. The room was again crowded, and all seemed grateful for the worthy President's exertions in behalf of the Institute. In consequence of some gentlemen not coming forward, according to expectation, Mr. McKinlay has been called to supply the lecturer's table seven or eight times during the session.

Rev. Mr. Intosh will lecture next Wednesday evening on Pneumatics.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY.—The question of last Monday evening was, Is Party spirit beneficial?—decided in the negative. Question for next Monday evening, Is Conscience Innate?

MARRIED.

- At Boston, 8th inst. Daniel Hardy, of Springfield, to Miss Maria Gorham, of Halifax.
- At London, 18th Feb. John Neale Nott, Commander Royal Navy, to Mary, eldest daughter of Sir William Burnett, K. C. H. Physician General of the Navy.
- At Granville, on the 2d Jan. by the Rev. J. B. Cogswell, Mr. Samuel Hall, to Miss Louisa, second daughter of Weston Hall, Esq. of that place.
- At Clements, on the 9th Jan. by the same, Mr. John Potter to Miss Lucinda, eldest daughter of Mr. Abraham Chute, of that place.
- At Granville, on the 30th Jan. by the same, Mr. Cyrus Harding, to Miss Jane, second daughter of Mr. James Cumming, of that place.
- At Granville, on the 19th inst. by the same, Mr. Charles Halfyard, to Miss Phoebe, eldest daughter of Mr. John Hony, of that place.

DIED.

- On the 4th Jan. Mr. Alexander Thompson, a native of Dumfermline, Fifeshire, Scotland, aged 36 years.
- On Saturday evening last, Elizabeth, daughter of John Albro, Junr. of this town, aged 12 years and two weeks.
- At St. John, N.B. on the 24th inst. Margaret, wife of Mr. Charles, Dunbrack, Senr. in the 63rd year of her age, formerly of Halifax.
- At St. John's N.F. on the 29th Feb. last, in the 63rd year of his age, Newman W. Hoyle, Esq. Treasurer of that Island.
- At Chester, suddenly, March 5, Mr. W. A. Kearny, Surgeon, in the 38th year of his age, a respectable inhabitant of that place, leaving a widow and three children to mourn his death.
- At Herring Cove, on the 24th March, after a long and painful illness, Mrs. Jane Shears, leaving a husband and two children to lament her loss.
- At Granville, on the 14th March, Ann, wife of W. Young, Junr. aged 40 years, after a long illness which she bore with christian fortitude. Her friends and family deeply lament their bereavement.
- At Chester, on the 20th inst. Mr. Ambrose Allen, aged 98 years, a native of Salem, Mass. and came over to this Province during the American Revolution.

NEW BOOK STORE.

NO. 88 & 89, GRANVILLE STREET.

The Subscriber has just received, and offers for Sale as above cheap for Cash or approved credit:

- Dilworth's, Fenning's, Carpenter's, and other Spelling Books,
- Murray's and Lennie's Grammar,
- Pot, Foolscap, Demy, and Post Papers,
- Red, Black, and Blue Writing Inks,
- Printing Ink in canisters of 8 and 16 lbs.
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- Scott's Poems,
- Keith on the Use of the Globes,
- Bibles and Prayer Books, handsomely bound in Morocco,
- Very cheap School Books, with plates—and Testaments,
- Murray's Introduction and Sequel,
- Campbell's Rhetoric—Blair's Lectures,
- Johnston's and Walker's Dictionaries,
- Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress,
- Do. with notes,
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- Camel Hair Pencils,
- Lead Pencils, and Indian Rubber,
- Sealing Wax and Wafers, and Wafer Stamps,
- Wafer Seals, with mottos and names,
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- Slates and Slate Pencils.

Orders from the country thankfully received and punctually attended to. A liberal reduction made from the retail prices to persons sending orders to the extent of £5; and also a discount all Cash purchases.

ARTHUR W. GODFREY.

February 22.

JUST PUBLISHED.

"THE LETTER BAG OF THE GREAT WESTERN,"

And for sale at the Bookstore of

ARTHUR W. GODFREY

THE OSTRICH.

BY MARY HOWITT.

Not in the land of a thousand flowers,
 Not in the glorious spice-wood bowers,
 Not in fair islands, by bright seas embraced,
 Lives the wild ostrich, the bird of the waste!
 Go to the desert—his dwelling is there,
 Where the breath of the simoon is hot on the air;
 To the desert—where never a green blade grew;
 Where never its shadow a broad tree threw,
 Where the sands rise up, and in columns are wheel'd
 By the winds of the desert, like hosts on a field;
 Where the wild ass sends forth a lone dissonant bray,
 And the herds of the wild horse speed on through the day,
 The creatures unbroken, with manes flying free,
 Like the steeds of the whirlwind, if such there may be.
 Aye, there in the desert, like armies for war,
 The flocks of the ostrich are seen from afar,
 Speeding on, speeding on, o'er the desolate plain,
 Where the fleet-mounted Arab pursueth in vain.
 But 'tis joy to the traveller who toils through that land,
 The egg of the ostrich to find in the sand;
 It is sustenance for him when his store is low,
 And weary with travel he journeyeth slow
 To the well of the desert, and finds it at last,
 Seven day's journey from that he hath pass'd.
 Or go to the Caffir-land—what if you meet
 A print in the sand of the strong lion's feet,
 He is down in the thicket asleep in his lair!
 Come on to the desert—the ostrich is there!
 There—there!—where the zebras are flying in haste,
 The herd of the ostrich comes down on the waste—
 Half running, half flying—what progress they make!
 Twang the bow—not the arrow their flight can o'ertake!
 Strong bird of the wild! thou art gone like the wind,
 And leavest the cloud of thy speeding behind;
 Fare thee well, in thy desolate regions, farewell,
 With the giraffe and lion we leave thee to dwell.

SKETCHES OF CUBA.

BY LEANDER KERR.

In the autumn of '33, suffering severely from a protracted attack of Florida fever, a combination of all fevers, I was urged by my physicians to go to the West Indies, and try the effects of a winter's residence there on my debilitated system. In compliance with this advice, I sailed for Havana, in Cuba, the modern Bethesda, for all diseases in our world—empty pockets excepted.

We sailed from Apalachicola, in Florida; but owing to the ignorance of our navigators we lost our latitude, or rather never found it nor ourselves, until we got down to cape "San Antonio," the patron saint of Spanish sailors. This cape is celebrated for its abundance of sea turtle, the finest in the world, and was a few years past as celebrated for pirates. It is a most dreary and desolate region.

We were now near an hundred miles west of our place of destination, and after the manner of our ancient navigators, we crept along the shore, hugging the land closely, as sailors say. To me this was very delightful, and though the first of December, the weather was like the finest and blandest of May. The sky was cloudless and serene, with that tranquil softness peculiar to it in this climate, at this season; the breezes came soft and healing from the land, fraught with spices and perfumes; the sea was tranquil as a fish pond, even the long heavy ground swells that remain long after the autumnal storms are over, had sunk to the depths of the ocean. Nothing can be so delightful as sailing over the West Indian seas at this season of the year—among the evergreens and sunny islands, that like living emeralds, lie scattered over a sea of saffron and gold. But oh, how different is the scene during the prevalence of the equinoctial tornadoes—then, fearful is the grandeur, and wild the magnificence.

A few years ago it was my lot to encounter one of these hurricanes, while crossing the gulf of storms. It was when the Hornet sloop of war with all her gallant crew and with a party of Mexicans, male and female, went down to the sepulchre of the ocean—without any being left to tell the melancholy tale. A more frightful storm never swept these seas. My old captain, on that occasion, told me that during forty years of sailing in all parts of the world, he had never seen such a gale. For several days previous a dead calm prevailed—the heat was scorching—the atmosphere so rare, as to render respiration painful and laborious; while every thing gave warning of a coming tempest; the sea was literally dashed into foam by the gambols of the porpoises—and every thing that had a wing was seen hurrying landward. On that morning, the sun rose like a ball of fire, unnaturally extended—it was fearful to look at it—it seemed to be clothed with the fire of divine wrath; while in the west a ridge of clouds arose, black as night, from the slumbering ocean, crested with bickering flame. It was a sublime and fearful scene, the stillness was unnatural and dreadful, often, often, have I tried since that fatal morn to analyse the feelings I then had, but could not—fear or terror did not predominate—it was a strange mingling of all the emotions of the heart and soul—a species of sublime and terrible ecstasy—which nothing but the sublime and terrible of nature alone can excite.

But how different the scene now, gliding along under an easy sail with a motion scarcely perceptible, with a smiling sky above and a smiling ocean below, and fanned by fragrant and renovating breezes, that brought health to my body and happiness to my mind. I soon became a new creature; different from that torpid, sickly, listless thing that had a week before crawled out of the pestilential marshes of Florida; more like an Egyptian mummy than a thing of life and action. What joy like the joy of returning health? What gladness like the gladness of the convalescent? For three years past I had scarcely past as many months of perfect health, but now I felt new life and vigour infused into every nerve, vein and limb.

This part of the coast of Cuba is picturesque and romantic in a high degree; in many places rising into lofty mountains visible in clear weather forty miles at sea, and clothed to their summits with perpetual verdure; while a line of rocks, black and precipitous, runs along the shore; against which the waves, when driven by storms, break in thunder, and are scattered back in sheets of foam and spray.

Some of these hills are in a high state of culture, covered with plantations of coffee and cane, with smiling villages, churches and cottages embowered in groves of orange and cocoa, with all the other varieties of tropical plants. But farther back from the coast, the hills and mountains are in their primitive wilderness, inhabited by banditti, of whom might many a tale of blood and crime be told, which it would be difficult to find parallel cases for in the wildest legion of fiction and romance. But were these hills and valleys peopled by an intelligent and virtuous population another and a brighter aspect would come over the scene, and all that poets have imagined and sung of Tempe's vale, or Elysian bowers, would be realized here.

A very small portion of this island is cultivated—the interior is almost all in a wilderness state: yet such is the fertility of the soil, and so magnificent and prodigal is nature here, and so abundant her resources—that it is the opinion of intelligent persons here whose general knowledge of the island warrants the assertion—that it is capable of supporting a population of twenty millions, though at present it does not contain one million. The estimate I am sure is not too high. The commerce of this island now is equal to one fourth of the whole commerce of the United States, and yet not a twentieth part of the island is cultivated—and were it not for the many and great restrictions and disabilities, under which her commerce labour, owing to a policy as stupid as it is suicidal, her commerce would now be much greater than it is. She now supports an army of 20,000 men constantly—defrays all the expenses of her government, which are enormous, and transmits several millions of dollars annually to old Spain, to keep her from starvation and beggary. From the city of Havana, alone, the metropolis of the island, eleven millions of dollars worth of segars are now annually exported, and the amount rapidly increasing, besides the amount annually smoked there, which is ten thousand per day, or 3,650,000 a year, which being divided among 130,000 persons, the present population of the city, is twenty-eight dollars and a fraction for each one, man, woman, and child, white, yellow, and black. This is smoking to some purpose I think.

But every thing that can draw a segar smoke here, the ladies not excepted, who have their segar cases hung by their sides like the "Cornucopias," well filled with very neat and small segars, one of which the fair wearer will light when in company, and after setting it in motion with her own ruby lips, present it to the gentleman nearest her, or to him whom she prefers, with a grace and manner unequalled. And the man who refuses to accept this pipe of peace or love rather, should have all his accounts settled beforehand, both with this world and the next.

St. Paul was as much superior to Lord Chesterfield in politeness and refinement, as he was to his lordship in morals and religion, in the exhibition of a rule of manners, which the noble lord was as incapable of conceiving, as of observing, viz. of "becoming all things to all men," that was, to comply with the prejudices, manners, customs, habits, &c. of those among whom he went, as far as was consistent with the great and only standard of manners, morals, and religion. This is the true line and rule of conduct, but the man, whose bigotry, sordidness and selfishness will not allow him to do this, had better stay at home, and rust.

COURT ANECDOTE.—ROYAL COURTSHIPS.—As we hear, our young and gracious queen has, from her lofty situation in the world, been of late rather curiously embarrassed for a lady under her peculiar circumstances; it became necessary for her to indicate her preference for Prince Albert sufficiently to make him acquainted with the royal partiality, and so put affairs in train for the arrangements which we now officially know are in progress. This was a delicate task, but the queen acquitted herself of it with equal delicacy and tact. At one of the palace balls she took occasion to present Prince Albert with her bouquet, and the hint was not lost on the gallant German. His close uniform, buttoned up to the throat, did not admit of his placing the Persian-like gift where it would be most honoured; and he immediately drew his knife and ripped a slit in his dress near his heart, where he gracefully deposited the happy omen! Again, to announce the projected union to the privy council was an easy duty to that of intimating it to the principal party concerned; and we understand that here also our sovereign lady displayed unusual presence of mind and female ingenuity.

The Prince was expressing the grateful sense he entertained of his reception in England, and the delight he had experienced from the kind attentions to him during his stay, when the queen naturally put the question upon which their future fates so much depended—"If your highness is pleased with the country, would you wish to remain in it?" Who can doubt the reply? And thus it is, according to the accounts which descend from the perfumed atmosphere of royalty, even to the lowly haunts of literature, that reigning queens are wooed and wedded!—*Literary Gazette.*

THE SPIDER.—Dr. Foster observes, in his perennal calendar, that about this season of the year (March) the spider leaves his house and takes to the garden. These are a very interesting tribe of insects, notwithstanding their obnoxious appearance. Naturalists have discovered that they are remarkably fond of music, and have been known to descend from the ceiling during concerts, and retire when the last strain was finished, of which the following old verses, from the "Anthologia Borealis et Australis," remind us:—

To a Spider which inhabited a Cell.

In this wild, groping dark, and drearie cove,
 Of wife, and children, and health bereft,
 I hailed thee, friendlie spider, who hadst wove,
 Thy mazy net in yonder mouldering raft,
 Would that the cleanlie housemaid's foot had left
 Thee tarrying here, nor took thy life away,
 For thou from out this scare old ceiling cleft,
 Came down each morn to hear sweet music play,
 Wherewith I'd fain beguile the ling'ring day.

LADY CAROLINE LAMBE.—Most of our readers may remember that a few years ago it was very currently reported that Lady Caroline Lambe had, in a moment of passion, struck down one of her pages with a stool. When Tom Moore was told of this by Lord Strangford, he said, "Oh! nothing is more natural for a literary lady than to double down a page."

"I would rather," replied his lordship, "advise Lady Caroline to turn over a new leaf."

JUSTICE.—A certain justice of the peace would only hear one of the parties in a case before him, because, as he said, it always puzzled him when he heard both.

Hogarth's natural propensity was strongly inclined to merriment even on the most trivial occasions. On one of his cards, requesting the company of a friend to dine with him, there was a circle to which a knife and fork were the supporters—within the circle, the invitation was written, and in the centre of it was drawn a pie. The invitation of the artist concludes with a play on three of the Greek letters, eta, beta, pi—eat a bit of pie.

A CRANILOGIST,—dining in company with a gentleman who was given to exceed in his potation, unwilling to lose any opportunity of advancing his favourite science, on the gentleman leaving the room, took occasion to observe to his wife, "Ah, madam, what a fine musician your husband is! I never saw the organ of music so fully developed."

"Indeed, sir," said the lady, "I don't know what organ he may have, but if any, I am sure it's a barrel-organ."

Napoleon's house at Longwood is now a barn—the room he died in a stable, and where the imperial corpse lay in state may be seen a machine for grinding corn. The walls are covered with multitudinous names. The oak he planted now shadows the library. His bath is still in the new house which he never lived to enter. His chess board is in the possession of the officers of the 91st, which regiment is stationed on the island.

A chemist in Albany, a few days ago, expatiating on the late discoveries in chemical science, observed that snow had been found to possess a considerable degree of heat. An Irishman present at this remark observed, "that truly chemistry was a valuable science" and (anxious that the discovery might be made profitable) inquired of the orator what number of snow-balls would be sufficient to boil a tea-kettle.

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